



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,  
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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but who owed, to her good nursing in their lonely bachelor rooms, their very lives.

The old lady's supper-parties were pictures of hospitality. When all had taken their places in her little back-parlour, the door could no longer be opened, so full was the room. There were all the treasures of old cut-glass, old silver, and old china displayed; it was their day, and the viands had been chosen with a special view to these dishes, while hot punch made from "my nephew's Christmas Bushmills" was introduced for the gentlemen afterwards, merely to give a *raison d'être* for the appearance of the old-fashioned silver punch-kettle.

Whatever my dear old friend received as a present must be shared with her friends, from a bunch of violets to a New Zealand leg of mutton. Sometimes has her faithful Phyllis appeared at my door with a neatly put-up package, addressed to me with compliments, and containing grapes or cake, or some other delicacy sent her by friends, and which to take from her seemed quite impossible. "No, Phyllis, no, I cannot take it, indeed it is quite impossible, she must not ask me," I would cry, and the offering would go with a deprecatory note. But the old lady was very obstinate, and a pendulum sort of process now commenced between our houses, a tug of war between two equally determined wills! I have known a package go backwards and forwards five times, but alas! she always conquered in the end.

On coming out of church one day, after listening to a very dull sermon, I exclaimed to my friend, "Did you ever hear such a tissue of bad English!" With a very grave face she turned to me and said, "My dear, I can only thank Heaven that I am not highly educated, if that is all that you could see in that earnest and eloquent discourse!"

We have talked long about mediocrity, and its advantages and disadvantages; but I must admit that there are three things in which mediocrity is inexcusable, and for ever to be condemned; and those three are—The heart of a woman; the head of a doctor; and a cup of coffee.

## "OURSELVES, OUR SOULS AND BODIES."

*Book of Common Prayer*

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."—*Tennyson*.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 458.)

### THE HOUSE OF HEART.—*Continued.*

#### IX.

LOYALTY is the hall-mark of character; but that is a misguiding simile, for it is good to know that Loyalty is not a mark stamped upon us, but a Lord of the Bosom born within us. At different periods of history, or at different periods of life, people give the rule of their lives to one or another of these Powers of Heart. The age of Chivalry was the age of Loyalty; and youth ought to be especially the age of Chivalry and of Loyalty in each life. But, perhaps this is not a loyal age. Our tendency is to believe that to think for ourselves and to serve ourselves in the way of advancement or pleasure is our chief business in life. We think that the world was made for us and not we for the world, and that we are called upon to rule and not to serve. But such thoughts come to us only in our worst moods. The Power of Loyalty, whose note is service, asserts itself. We know that we are not our own and that according to the Loyalty within us do we fulfil ourselves.

We are ready enough to give whimsical Loyalty to some poet or actor, soldier or priest, at whose feet we would gladly lay our service; but in this, as in the rest of our lives, we are not free to choose. Our Loyalties are all prepared for us, or come to us with our duties, and our choice is between being loyal and disloyal. In this regard it is a happy and a blessed thing for those peoples who have a Sovereign, a visible object lesson in Loyalty, to be loyally loved and served for his office, even if he himself should be little worthy. One of the best lessons history has to teach us is in the examples it holds

of splendid loyalty and service, including unbounded honour and reverence to the person of the sovereign, and devotion of life and substance, children and followers to his cause. Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in *Woodstock*, is an exquisite example of this fine Loyalty. As we read we grudge that it should be spent on so little worthy a monarch; but in the end, let us remember, the knight gained more than the king by this Loyalty, for it is better to be than to receive. Our late beloved Queen commanded all our Loyalty, because she herself knew and lived for the Loyalty and service she owed to her people, and in that way raised us to a higher level of living.

After our King, our country claims our Loyalty. Let us not make a mistake. Benevolence is due to the whole world, Loyalty is due to *our own*; and however greatly we may value or become attached to alien kings or alien countries, the debt of Loyalty is due, not to them, but to our own. Invidious comparisons, depreciating the land of our birth in favour of some land of our choice, whose laws and rulers, ways and weather, we may prefer, is of the nature of disloyalty.

We older people are saddened, shocked and greatly humbled by the fall of one Ruler after another at the hands of the people who call themselves anarchists. We are humbled and ashamed because we know that this manner of crime, which has no exact parallel in the history of the past, in truth arises from a failure in the spirit of Loyalty in what is called public opinion. Therefore the repeated crimes which shock us are brought home to us all, for we all help to form public opinion. There are always in every country men and women in whom the general wrong thinking about our duties to one another come, as it were, to a head and break out in crime, but it is from public opinion that these people get their original notions. We are told to speak no evil of the ruler of our people, and, if we allow ourselves to speak evil, others will take up our evil speech and turn it into criminal act. If we fret against rule others will rise against rulers, and kings everywhere will live in terror of the assault of the regicide. The way we are bound to one another and affect one another all over the world is a very solemn thought; but, that we can help the whole world by keeping hold of our own Loyalty should be a cause of joy.

I am not sure but that people lose in moral fibre when they become voluntary exiles from their own country. Every tie that we are born to is necessary to our completion. Loyalty to country, Patriotism, is a noble passion; revolutions come about when the character of a sovereign is such that right-thinking people can no longer be loyal to King *and* Country, when unjust laws, undue taxes, the oppression of the poor, make men's hearts sore for their fatherland. Loyalty to country is honour, service, and personal devotion. The honour due to our country requires some understanding knowledge of her history, laws and institutions, of her great men and her people, of her weaknesses and her strength, and is not to be confounded with the ignorant and impertinent attitude of the Englishman or the Chinese who believes, that, to be born an Englishman or a Chinese puts him on a higher level than the people of all other countries; that, our own country and our own government are right in all circumstances and other countries and other governments always wrong. But, on the other hand, and still more to be guarded against, is the caitiff spirit which holds its own country and its own government always in the wrong and always the worse, and exalts other nations unduly for the sake of depreciating its own.

Our service to our country in these days may not mean more than that we should take a living interest in the questions that occupy the government and the social problems that occupy thinkers, and that, if we are not called upon to serve the country in general, in Parliament, for example, we should give time, labour, and means, to advance whatever local administration we are connected with. Perhaps this kind of Loyalty has never been more nobly displayed than it is at the present time. Nor do we fail when our country claims our personal devotion. Recent events seem to have shown that every Briton, of the lesser and the greater Britain, is ready for the honour of laying down his life for his country.

Perhaps the Loyalty in which we fall short, as compared with the Middle Ages, is that Loyalty which every man and woman owes to a chief. Again, Scott gives us the perfect expression in *Torquil of the Oak*—the Highland foster father, who sacrificed himself and his nine stalwart sons to

shield the honour of the young chief whom he knew to be a confessed coward. The whole incident, told, as it is, with reserve and sympathy, offers, perhaps, one of the strongest situations in all literature. But Loyalty in this kind lives amongst us still. Few subalterns in either service would allow themselves to discuss without reserve the action or character of their chief, and as for the men, they still accept it that—"Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die"; and, given that they do die because "someone has blundered," one supreme moment of unquestioning Loyalty to king and country and commander, is, probably, worth fifty years at the dead level of daily living; that is, supposing that our education for a higher plane of living is the purpose of this life. It is told of certain elegant young diplomats, who serve their several chiefs as private secretaries, that one, more superb than the rest, grumbled because his chief summoned him by ringing a bell; but another, who had learned the secret of "dignified obedience and proud submission," asserted that, if his chief asked him to clean his shoes, he would do it of course. Instances of splendid Loyalty to the heads of family, party, calls, house, school, or what not, abound on every hand.

Loyalty to personal ties, relationships, friendships, dependents, is a due recognised by most people. We all know that these ties, whether they come by nature, as relationships, or by choice, as friendships and the lesser friendly relations, servants, for example, must be loyally entertained; that the character and conduct of our friend is sacred from adverse criticism even in our private thoughts; that what we think and have to say of censure must be said to him and him only; that our time, our society, our sympathy and our service are always at his disposal, so far as we can determine. Not only so, but we know that he should have the best of us, our deepest thoughts, our highest aspirations, so far as we are able to give these forth. This last is freely acknowledged in friendships of election; but in the natural friendships of relationship, which surround most of us, we are sometimes chary of our best and give only our common-place, surface thoughts; and to our dependents, those on a lower educational level than ourselves, we are apt to talk down, as we suppose, to that level. We are wrong here;

our best is due in varying degrees to maintain all those relationships, natural, elected, or casual, which make up the sweetness and interest of our lives.

Steadfastness is, of course, of the essence of all Loyalties. A man of sixty, who said he had always had his boots from the same bootmaker since he first wore boots, gives us a hint of the sort of Loyalty we owe all round. We miss a great deal of the grace of life by running hither and thither to serve ourselves of the best, so we think, in friends, acquaintances, religions, tradesmen, servants, preachers, prophets. Perhaps there is always more of the best to be had in sticking to that we have got than in looking out continually for a new shop for every sort of ware. The strength, grace, and dignity of a constant mind is the ingathering of Loyalty.

It is objected that some relations are impossible and insupportable; that a servant is lazy, a tradesman dishonest, a friend unworthy, a relative aggravating.

Some relations are not of our seeking and are for life; and that which must be continued, should be continued with loyalty; but it is best, perhaps, to give up a post or a dependent, for example, that we cannot any longer be loyal to. But let the breach be with simplicity and dignity. Let us not indulge in previous gossiping and grumbling; and we should recognise that Loyalty forbids small personal resentment of offences to our *amour propre*. Many lives are shipwrecked upon this rock. In wronging our friends by a failure in Loyalty, we injure ourselves far more.

The same principles of Loyalty apply to Loyalty to our work and to any cause we have taken up. Thoroughness and unstinted effort belong to this manner of Loyalty; and, therefore, we have at times to figure as unamiable persons because we are unable to throw ourselves into every new cause that is brought before us. We can but do what we are able for; and Loyalty to that which we are doing will often forbid efforts in new directions.

A personal loyalty of a high order is that which we owe to our principles. At first it is those principles upon which we are brought up to which our faithfulness is due; but, by-and-by, as character develops, convictions grow upon us which come to be bound up with our being. These, not catch-words caught up here and there from the newspapers or from

common talk, are our principles—possessions that we have worked out with labour of thought and, perhaps, pain of feeling. He is true to himself who is true to these; and no other Loyalty is to be expected of him who is not true to himself. Perhaps highest amongst these principles is our religion—not our faith in God, that is another matter—but that form of religion which to us is the expression of such faith. We may find full room to grow in the religion in which we have been born; we may, by processes of slow and painful conviction, be required to change that religion; but a safe rule is that Loyalty forbids our dallying with other forms and other ideas, lest we should cease to hold religious convictions of any sort and become open to change and eager for the excitement of novelty.

The habit of unworthy and petty criticism of the clergy or the services to which we are accustomed is apt to end in this unstable habit; Loyalty forbids this manner of petty gossip, as it also forbids the habit of running hither and thither in search of novelties.

The Dæmons which labour for the destruction of Loyalty are, perhaps, self-interest, self-conceit, and self-importance. Self-interest would lead us to better ourselves at the expense of any bond. Self-conceit keeps us in a ferment of small resentments which puts allegiance out of court; and self-importance is unable to give the first place to another in things small or great, in affairs of country, parish or home. These enemies be about us, but Loyalty *is* within us, strong and steadfast, and asking only to be recognised that he may put the alien to flight.

### X.

The Apostle points out three causes of offence in men—the lust of the flesh, that is the desire to satisfy the cravings of what we call "human nature"; the lust of the eye, which makes the pursuit of the delight of beauty, not a part, but the whole of life; and, the pride of life. Of the three, perhaps, the last is the most deadly, because it is the most deceitful. People born in and brought up upon principles of self-control and self-restraint, are on the watch against the lusts of the flesh. The lust of the eye does not make too fascinating an appeal to all of us; but who can be

aware of the approaches of the pride of life? Still, Pride, mighty as he is, and manifold as are his forms, is but the Dæmon, the more or less subject Dæmon, of a mightier power than himself. Humility is born in us all, a Lord of the Bosom, gracious and beautiful, strong to subdue. That is why our Lord told the Jews that except they should humble themselves and become as a little child they could not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, the state where humble souls have their dwelling. We think of little children as being innocent and simple rather than humble, and it is only by examining this quality of children that we shall find out what Humility is in the Divine thought. We have only two types of Humility to guide us—Christ, for "He humbled Himself," and little children, for He pronounced them humble. An old writer who has pondered on this matter has said that, as there is only one Sanctification and one Redemption, so also there is only one Humility.

But no grace of heart is so travestied in our thoughts as this of Humility. We call cowardice Humility. We say—"Oh, I can't bear pain, I am not as strong as you are"; "I can't undertake this and that, I have not the ability that others have"; "I am not one of your clever fellows, there is no use in my going in for reading"; "Oh, I'm not good enough, I could not teach a class in the Sunday School, or, care for the things of the spiritual life." Or, again, what we call Humility is often a form of Hypocrisy. "Oh! I wish I were as capable as you," we say, "or as good, or as clever," priding ourselves secretly on the very unfitness which seems to put us somehow, we hardly know how, out of the common run of people. The person who is loud in his protestations of Humility is commonly hugging himself upon compensations we do not know of, and which to his own thinking, rank him before us after all. This sort of thing has brought Humility into disrepute. People take these self-deceivers at their word, and believe that they are humble; so, while they acknowledge Humility to be a Christian grace, it is a grace little esteemed and rarely coveted. This error of conception opens the gate for Pride, who comes riding full tilt to take possession. We prefer to be proud, openly proud of some advantage in our circumstances or our parentage, proud of our prejudices, proud

of an angry or resentful temper, proud of our easy-going ways, proud of idleness, carelessness, recklessness, nay, the very murderer is a proud man, proud of the skill with which he can elude suspicion or destroy his victim. "Thank God, I have always kept myself to myself," said the small London housekeeper who did not "hold with neighbouring." There is hardly a fable, a fault, or a crime which men have not felt to be a distinction, a thing to be proud of. We can do few things simply, that is, without being aware that it is *we* who are doing them and taking importance to ourselves for the fact.

Many who are sound of mind in other respects, arrive at incipient megalomania, through a continual magnification of self. Their affairs, their dogs, their pictures, their opinions, their calling, their good works, their teaching, their religious convictions, fill the whole field of vision; and that, because they are *theirs* rather than for the sake of the things themselves. This pride of life is so insidious and so importunate, the necessity of exalting self presses upon us so unceasingly, so spoils all our relations of friendship and neighbourliness by resentful temper and exigent demands, that we are fain to cry, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" when, for a moment, we face facts. But we need not despair even of our hateful Pride. He is but an encroacher, an usurper, the Lord of the Heart whom he displaces is Humility, and a true conception of this true Lord who is within us is as the shepherd's stone against the giant. For it is not Humility to think ill of ourselves, that is fainthearted when it is not false. Humility is perhaps one with simplicity and does not allow us to think of ourselves at all, ill or well. That is why a child is humble. The thought of self does not come to him at all; when it does, he falls from his child estate and becomes what we call self-conscious. In that wonderful first lesson of the Garden of Eden, the Fall consisted in our first parents becoming aware of themselves, and that is how we all fall—when we become aware.

It is good to be humble. Humble people are gay and good. They do not go about with a black dog on their shoulder or a thunder cloud on their brow. We are all born humble. Humility sits within us all, waiting for pride to be silent that he may speak and be heard. What must we do to get rid of pride and give place to Humility?

In the first place, we must not *try* to be humble. That is all make-believe and a bad sort of pride. We do not wish to become like Uriah Heep, and that is what comes of trying to be humble. The thing is, not to think of ourselves at all, for if we only think how bad we are, we are playing at Uriah Heep. There are many ways of getting away from the thought of ourselves; the love and knowledge of birds and flowers, of clouds and stones, of all that nature has to show us; pictures, books, people, anything outside of us, will help us to escape from the tyrant who lives in our hearts. One rather good plan is, when we are talking or writing to our friends, not to talk or write about "*thou and I.*" There are so many interesting things in the world to discuss that it is a waste of time to talk about *ourselves*. All the same, it is well to be up to the ways of those tiresome selves, and that is why you are invited to read these papers. It is very well, too, to know that Humility, who takes no thought of himself, is really at home in each of us:—

"If that in sight of God is great  
Which counts itself for small,  
We by that law humility  
The chiefest grace must call;  
Which being such, not knows itself  
To be a grace at all."—*Trench.*

## XI.

"It is a seemly fashion to be glad."  
"The merry heart goes all the way,  
The sad one tires in a mile, O."

Yorkshire people say their bread is "sad" when it is heavy, does not rise. It is just so with ourselves. We are like a "sad" loaf when we are heavy—do not rise to the sunshine, to the voices of our friends, to interesting sights, to kindness, love, or any other thing. When we do rise to these things, when our hearts smile because a ray of sunshine creeps in through the window, because a bird sings, because a splash of sunlight falls on the trunk of a dark tree, because we have seen a little child's face—why, then we are glad. Carlyle, whom we do not think of as a very happy man, used to say that no one could be unhappy who could see a spring day or the face of a little child. Indeed, there is Gladness

enough in the world for us all, or, to speak more exactly, there is a fountain of Gladness in everybody's heart only waiting to be unstopped. Grown-up people sometimes say that they envy little children when they hear the Gladness bubbling out of their hearts in laughter just as it bubbles out of the birds in song; but there is no room for regret. It is simply a case of a choked spring; remove the rubbish, and Gladness will flow out of the weary heart as freely as out of the child's. But, you will say, how can people be glad when they have to bear sorrow, anxiety, want, and pain? It is not these things that stop up our Gladness. The sorrowful and anxious wife of a dying husband, the mother of a dying child, will often make the sick room merry with quips and cranks, a place of hearty Gladness. It is not that the mother or wife tries to seem glad for the sake of the sufferer; there is no pretending about Gladness. No man can be taken in by smiles that are put on. The fact is that love teaches the nurse to unstop the fount of Gladness in her own heart for the sake of the sufferer dear to her, and out come lots of merry words and little jokes, smiles and gaiety, which is better than any medicine to the sick. In pain, too, it is not impossible to be glad. Have we not all been touched by merry sayings that have come from suffering lips? I doubt if Margaret Roper could help a smile through her tears at the merry quips her father, the good Sir Thomas More, made on his way to the scaffold. We commonly make a mistake about Gladness. We think of it as a sort of ice-cream or chocolates—very good when they come, but not to be expected every day. But, "Rejoice evermore" says the Apostle, that is, "Be glad all the time." We laugh now and then, we smile now and then, but the fountain of Gladness within us should rise always, and so it will if it is not hindered.

Before we consider the Dæmons of Gladness let us make ourselves sure of one thing. We cannot be glad by ourselves and we cannot be sad, that is, heavy, by ourselves. Our gladness rejoices all the people we come across, as our heaviness depresses them.

A London mother once wrote to me of how she took her little golden-haired daughter of two out for her first walk (until then she had gone out in her baby-carriage), and the little girl smiled at the police man and he was glad, and kissed

her hand to some French laundresses working in a cellar and they were glad, and smiled at the crossing sweeper and generally went on her way like a little queen dispensing smiles and gladness. A still prettier story was told by a Bible Woman in a big town who went out of doors depressed by the sordid cares and sins of her neighbours, and a small child sitting in a gutter looked up at her and smiled and in the Gladness of that little child she went gaily for the rest of the day. There is nothing so catching as Gladness, and it is good for each of us to know that we carry joy for the needs of our neighbours. But this is treasure that we give without knowing it or being any the poorer for what we have given away.

Now if we have made it clear to ourselves that there is in each of us a fountain of Gladness, not an intermittent but a perennial spring, enough and to spare for every moment of every year of the longest life, not to be checked by sorrow, pain, or poverty, but often flowing with the greater force and brightness because of these obstructions: if we are quite sure that this golden Gladness is not our own private property but is meant to enrich the people we pass in the street, or live with in the house, or work with or play with, we shall be interested to discover why it is that people go about with a black dog on their shoulder, the cloud of gloom on their brow; why there are people heavy in movement, pale of countenance, dull and irresponsible. You will wish to find out why it is that children may go to a delightful party, picnic, haymaking, or what not, and carry a sullen countenance through all the fun and frolic; why young people may be taken to visit here or travel there, and the most delightful scenes might be marked with a heavy black spot in the map of their memories because they found no gladness in them; why middle-aged people sometimes go about with sad and unsmiling countenances; why the aged sometimes find their lot all crosses and no joys.

This question of gladness or sadness has little to do with our circumstances. It is true that we should do well to heed the advice of Marcus Aurelius: "Do not let your head run upon that which is none of your own, but pick out some of the best of your circumstances, and consider how eagerly you would wish for them were they not in your possession."

Let us get the good out of our circumstances by all means, but as a matter of fact it is not our circumstances but ourselves that choke the spring. We are sad and not glad because we are sorry for ourselves. Somebody has trodden on our toes, somebody has said the wrong word, has somehow offended our sense of self-importance, and behold the Dæmon of self-pity digs diligently at his rubbish heap, and casts in all manner of poor and paltry things to check the flow of our spring of Gladness. Some people are sorry for themselves by moments, some for days together, and some carry all their life long a grudge against their circumstances, or burn with resentment against their friends.

We need only look this matter in the face to see how sad and wrong a thing it is not to be glad, and to say to ourselves, "*I can, because I ought!*" Help comes to those who endeavour and who ask. We may have to pull ourselves up many times a day, but every time we give chase to the black dog the easier we shall find it to be gay and good. The outward and visible sign of gladness is cheerfulness, for how can a dour face and sour speech keep company with bubbling gladness within? The inward and spiritual grace is contentment, for how can the person who is glad at heart put himself out and be dissatisfied about the little outside things of life? "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice."

## A PLEA FOR BROTHERS.

BY MRS. POWELL.

THIRTY or forty years ago it was quite an unusual thing to find educated young women living alone, or alone with young female friends other than sisters. Now, partly because of the professions they take up, which require that they should be where their work is, partly because of the determination to secure independence, which is a feature of the age, the thing is common enough. Common enough! we should like to say far too common, but that is not our point just now: it is of young men that we wish to speak.

In the old days when women still led "sheltered" lives, during all the years of last century and long before it, young men of, say, eighteen to eight-and-twenty have lived alone or with other young men only, and they and their country have suffered in consequence.

Many must do it. True, many must do it, but not all who do; many are none the worse, some are even the better for this way of life. This may be, but many are the worse, and some even are much the worse. This living alone—or, at least, unattached to any household—is common to literally every position, but take as examples young men in the middle and upper middle classes of life. What about young men articled to solicitors as soon as they leave school? Young men "learning the business" in a brewery or any other large "concern," also beginning about 19. Medical students? Some of these can live in hostels, more or less under control, we believe, but an immense number are in lodgings. Curates? who often cannot be in clergy-houses, but fortunately have to be older than others mentioned above. Young journalists? also many in number. Anyone can think of countless instances of what is meant.

It is generally admitted that women suffer in character more than men from the absence of any domestic milieu, but on the other hand they understand much better than men how to create one, even in lodgings, and even when working hard for their living. Young ladies, too, have very much oftener than their brothers the choice of living at home if they will.